

THE
VIRGIN OF THE SUN:
A PLAY,
IN FIVE ACTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF
AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

WITH NOTES MARKING THE VARIATIONS FROM THE
ORIGINAL.



NEW-YORK:

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1800.



TO THE LADY OF
THE
PRESIDENT VON DER WENSE,
OF
THE FAMILY OF AHLEFELD.

IT has been often said, that poetry and love obey no orders. It is not true, my most amiable friend; since, if your memory is faithful in respect to trifles, you will recollect that this play has to thank your commands alone for its existence.

On a dark and rainy evening in Pyrmont, which prohibited the enjoyment of the charms of nature, you took refuge in the temple of Thalia. Nauman's opera of Cora was the piece performed. The performers were bad, and my only pleasure arose from being placed behind you and partaking at times of your conversation. Among other observations you remarked, "that this opera contained an excellent subject for a play."

I felt that this idea would have originated with me, if I had not been situated exactly as I was: however, I seized it with avidity, and entreated you to command the execution. This was long refused. Commands are not the language of my friend. However, I insisted upon a positive command.

"Well, then, I command it," you said at length, with a naiveté all your own. I bowed—and behold, here stands my "Virgin of the Sun." At your command the poor maiden appears trembling in your anti-chamber. Give permission that she may enter, and attend your toilette with downcast eyes, until you beckon her forward with the smile of friendship.

"Approach, my child! Thou shalt be welcome to me for thy father's sake, who possesses my friendship, and from whom I would now be far from withdrawing the least of his joys, since so little remains in this world for him to lose."

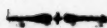
Alas!

Alas! it is too true! I possessed a treasure once that might have been compared to you—for she was the best of wives and of mothers. She has gone to the house of her father, to mingle with her sister angels. You dropped a tear over my sorrows. For that tear my heart still thanks you, and impels my pen to this open declaration of my highest esteem and admiration.

A. V. Kotzebue.

German Theatre.

No. II.



THE

THE VIRGIN OF THE SUN.

BEING THE FIRST OF
PIZARRO IN PERU; OR, THE DEATH
OF ROLLA.

THE
VIRGIN OF THE SUN.

AS FIRST PERFORMED AT THE NEW-YORK THEATRE,
MARCH 12, 1800.

CHARACTERS.

PERFORMERS.

MEN.

ATALIBA (King of Quito) *Mr. Hallam.*
HIGH PRIEST OF THE SUN *Tyler.*
ZAIRA (a Priest of the Sun) *Hogg.*
TELASCO *Crosby.*
ZORAI *Hallam, jun.*
ROLLA *Hodgkinson.*
DON ALONZO MOLINA *Martin.*
DON JUAN VELASQUEZ *Fox.*
DIEGO *Jefferson.*
CHAMBERLAIN *Perkins.*
PRIESTS . . . *Messrs. Perkins, Dykes, Lee, Shapter, &c.*
GUARDS AND ATTENDANTS . . . *Messrs. Leonard, &c.*

WOMEN.

CORA *Mrs. Hodgkinson.*
HIGH PRIESTESS OF THE SUN *Melmoth.*
IDALI *Miss E. Westray.*
AMAZILI *Harding.*

PRIESTESSES AND VIRGINS OF THE SUN,

*Mrs. Seymour, Miss Brett, Miss Westray, Mrs. Perkins,
Mrs. King, Miss Hogg, Mrs. Petit.*

SCENERY *designed and executed by MR. CICERI.*

MUSIC *composed by MR. PELESIER.*

DRESSES *designed by MR. MARTIN, and executed under
his direction.*

THE
VIRGIN OF THE SUN.

ACT FIRST. SCENE FIRST.

The stage represents a wild and woody country, in the vicinity of the Temple of the Sun; on one side the cave of Rolla, on the other a rocky and towering hill. The outer wall surrounding the temple is seen at a little distance through the trees, with a breach which has been made in it by an earthquake. Further back the cupola of the temple appears rising above the trees. Time, evening.

ROLLA and the HIGH PRIEST OF THE SUN come down
the stage from behind the hill.

H. P. **T**HIS, then, is the way to Rolla's dwelling?—Alas! as wild, as inaccessible as the way to Rolla's heart!

Rol. Spare me, uncle! I entreat you! spare me, and leave me!—If you could understand me—could conceive—

H. P. Thinkest thou I do not? But to understand thee means—to worship thy idol. To conceive thee aright is—to flatter thy passion.

Rol. Wretch that I am!—I am a being without kindred or associate!—A drop with which no other drop shall ever mingle or flow;—a lonely voice,
which

which finds no echo through the vast expanse of animated nature. The pigmy worm that crawls upon this leaf—see! already comes its mate to meet him—but I! I alone—O, ye gods! it is your mighty will, that I in the immensity of your creation, I only should be left alone!—Then man—man leave me alone!

H. P. Rolla, I love thee as a father!

Rol. Then, be the repose of thy son dear to thee! Suffer him to live according to his own pleasure. Be this cave my tomb. One promise, alone, would I exact from thee: on some dark and troubled day, lead Cora to the entrance of this cavern, show her the remains of Rolla, as he, upon the damp and cold earth, breathed forth his life and her name together. Then, perhaps, touched by this spectacle, she may stand near, and drop a flower—or a tear on my corse!

H. P. Young man, young man, remember what thou hast been, and be ashamed: remember what thou oughtest to be, and blush. Endowed with energies for the noblest deeds, perhaps to bless a world, thou contractest thy circle of action—to the limits of a cave.—Inca! born of the race of the children of the sun, entitled to stand the first bulwark of the throne—thou fliest to a cave:—Chieftain! called to lead the armies of thy country—thou buriest thyself in a cave!

Rol. Would you entice me to boast of my deeds?—As Inca and as chieftain I have done my duty, covered with wounds and victories. I have proved my zeal and my valor in many a well-fought field—I proved them more especially on that day when the throne of Ataliba shook beneath the power of Huascar, and Rolla's sword enriched the fields
of

of Tumibamba with the blood of his sovereign's enemies. But for whom should I now fight?—Whose heart will leap with joy as Rolla ascends the road to fame?—Cora loves me not!—I have neither father or mother—neither brother or sister!—I am alone in the world!

H. P. (Clasping him in his arms) My son! my son!

Rol. Leave me, uncle; leave me! I cannot return this love. You—with those venerable locks, those reverend robes—you cannot be the confidant of my heart. O, that I had a mother! that I had a father!—But the love of no one rests upon me!

H. P. Fly, then, to the gods!

Rol. The gods hate me, because I love a maiden who is devoted to their service: because I love this maiden more than the gods themselves.

H. P. May the gods pardon this enthusiasm! Rolla, it is thus that mortals always desire most ardently that which is unattainable. Cora, the maiden had only pleased you: Cora, the virgin of the sun you love.

Rol. What? (*He casts a look of displeasure on the High Priest.*) Good night.

H. P. Whither, young man? Has, then, thy friend no influence over thee? Live as seems good to thee. Retire when thou wilt from society, but leave this desert where wild images disorder thy soul as the wild thorn tears thy body. Come to my dwelling: there no intruders shall disturb thy dreams. Even to me may thy doors be closed—mine ever are open to thee.

Rol. I thank you. I feel that your intentions are kind. But Rolla is resolved to live and die in

this cave. There, where the cupola of the temple towers above the trees—there lives Cora. And here will Rolla live and die.—Good night.

H. P. Obstinate man! Yet, remember your duties in the solemnities of to-morrow. The great festival of the sun requires your presence in the palace and in the temple.

Rol. Excuse me. Say what you will to the king—tell him, Rolla is dead!—I come no more among men. Yet, to-morrow morning will I sacrifice to the gods—The temple and the cavern are alike to them. Good night.

[Exit into his cave.]

H. P. O, young man!—thou suspectest not how near thy repose is to my heart. I fear I shall find some difficulty in tracing my path thro' this wood—

Enter DIEGO. He starts on seeing the HIGH PRIEST.

H. P. Whence come you? Whither would you go?

Dieg. Whithersoever chance may lead a pedestrian in his evening's walk.

H. P. Do you walk for pleasure in such a place as this?

Dieg. (Pertly.) Yes.

H. P. Perhaps you have mistaken your path.

Dieg. So it seems, since I find myself in your way.

H. P. Are you not Alonzo's attendant?

Dieg. You are not wide of the mark.

H. P. You are in danger of losing yourself in this wood. Follow me, and I will conduct you into the right path.

Dieg.

Dieg. Right path! Who told you that I was in the wrong path? It were a good joke if a man of my civilization had come among savages for instruction. My lord, the high priest of the temple of the sun, you are, St. Peter pardon me the comparison, a sort of a pope among these lizards and rattle-snakes; yet give me leave to tell you, that there is not a muleteer in Andalusia who is not a better catholic than you are.

H. P. (Smiling.) I believe it. But, prythee, explain to me this riddle. How is it that I find you here by night, and yet in the right way? Are you alone? or is your master at hand? for I can never believe, that you came hither among these thistles and thorns merely for a walk.

Dieg. (Hesitating.) Since you press me so closely—why—why—I must confess—though it is so long since I have been at confession, that it comes rather awkward—I—I am in love.

H. P. (Smiling.) You are in love?

Dieg. Yes, to desperation! I am tortured with jealousy! Almost driven to madness! Sometimes I am hurried to the mountain's top; sometimes precipitated into the deepest caverns!—At present I find myself—*here*—all among the bushes—murmuring with turtle-doves, and talking with your holiness. Here will I tell my sorrows to the trees, and waft my sighs in anguish to the moon.

H. P. You are a coxcomb. *[Exit.]*

Dieg. A coxcomb?—So much the worse for you. For in that case, the great high priest of the sun has been made a fool of by a coxcomb. Wit forever! say I. It is worth its value in the new world as well as in the old.—But is he really gone? Yes: I hear nothing more. Hist! hist!

Enter

Enter ALONZO and JUAN.

Juan. Diego, are we safe?

Dieg. A very pretty question. Yes, we are as safe as men can be, who are wandering about a forest at the dead of night, and under the airy canopy of heaven; running after, saving your honors' presence, a piece of knavery. By St. Barnabas, I believe we are about as safe as a drunkard who shall attempt to cross the river of Amazons upon a wire.

Juan. Have you seen any thing?

Dieg. I seldom see much in the dark, but I have heard.

Al. What—what have you heard?

Dieg. The dearly-beloved voice of the high priest.

Al. The high priest? What could have brought him here?

Dieg. He came, sir, out of pure kindness to me—to put me in the right path. I find it's the same here as in all other countries; priests are the only people who are able to lead us into the right path.

Al. But what motive could lead him into the wilderness?—Speak, Velasquez.

Dieg. Do speak, sir—speak, I entreat you!—When it is dark I always love to hear talking.

Juan. Well, be it so. If it be only to kill time for you, Alonzo, until your star rises. Time is always a tedious companion when one is waiting for the fulfilment of a tender appointment. I will, therefore, talk until you shall cry silence, and my text shall be—Friend! this adventure bodes thee no good! Believe me, it bodes no good!

Dieg.

Dieg. Right, sir ; right. Never was text more orthodox.

Al. A strange discourse in thy mouth ! When did Don Juan Velasquez turn his back upon an adventure because it was dangerous ?

Juan. There it is !—Hark you, Alonzo ! if you were capable of doubting my courage, I might engage the next rattle-snake we meet to convince you.—You know my principles. I do not value my life more highly than a moment of happiness, and happy is every moment that I sacrifice to friendship. If you love me, no more of this. My life is my friend's. He who has lived happily has lived long enough.

Dieg. Cursed maxims these. Heterodox.

Juan. But, Alonzo, Alonzo, the happiness I mean is inseparable from virtue ; it lives, but in the health of the soul. Lay your hand upon your heart and tell me ; what are your sensations in the moments of temperance and reflection ? Don Alonzo Molina quitted the savage followers of Pizarro, because he abhorred their barbarities—because he saw in every Indian an unoffending brother. That was noble ! “ I will go,” said he, “ among these well-deserving people, and be their friend and instructor.” This was worthy of my friend !—You put in execution your benevolent plan. You were received—beloved—honored—and cherished. What followed ? On one of their solemn festivals, my noble friend Alonzo beholds in the temple a priestess of the sun, as she presents the bread of sacrifice to the king. She is young—she is lovely. The heart of my friend is inflamed—suddenly all his great designs are lost in the sea of oblivion ; and the champion of the rights of humanity slumbers on his post.

Al.

Al. (Indignantly.) Velasquez!

Juan. Away with that menacing look! It becomes thee not. The man that dares to become angry should have a pure conscience. Wonder not, that the gay Velasquez should turn preacher. Velasquez is gay because he is honest. You, Alonzo, by whom every article of popular faith was once deemed sacred, because on each hung the repose of some well-meaning man; you rashly throw aside the most holy tenet of a whole nation, and seduce a chaste virgin from the service of her gods.

Al. Thou art unmerciful, Velasquez. Believe me, my conscience sleeps not. I see my danger——

Juan. Thy danger!—Thy danger put in the balance with her's, is but as down poised against gold. You hazard only life.

Dieg. The devil! Is not that enough?

Juan. But Cora hazards all—her fame, her father's blessing, her hopes of eternal happiness—And the death she must suffer, according to the laws of the country, is shocking beyond mortal endurance. Living must she be entombed. Buried alive in the vaulted earth, which will be closed above her, she will gasp for air, until hunger and despair shall end her miserable existence——

Al. Ah, Velasquez, thy admonitions come too late!

Juan. What?—Impossible!—Is she——

Al. My wife, Velasquez.

Juan. So.—Then we may consider our prospect of taking possession of our inheritance in the next world as near at hand.

Al. Forsake me not, my companion, my friend, my brother in arms!

Juan.

Juan. (Shaking his hand.) Alonzo—when I see a boy struggling in the water, it is not my practice to call to him—"You should not have fallen in." I draw him out, if I can.—But here, we are fairly in the mire, and the devil fetch me if I see the way to get out of it. If we had a ship, or a conjurer's cloak, to whisk us off through the air, Don Juan Velasquez would not be the last among the fugitives. But, as it is—arm thyself with courage Velasquez—wrap thyself up to the teeth in thy cloak, and let the thunder and lightning come when it will.

Al. (Wringing his hands.) All is lost! (*A clapping of hands is heard behind the wall.*) That is her signal! (*Is going.*)

Juan. Stop, Alonzo!—Consider——(*Holding him.*)

Al. It is Cora! (*Breaks from him, and climbs over the ruins.*)

Dieg. Well, let nobody tell me again, that sound is nothing. Here has the reverend Don Juan Velasquez been preaching like a bishop; yet scarcely does the sound produced by the clapping of two heathenish hands reach the culprit who was doing penance under the lecture, but all the moralizing is lost in the air, and the penitent skips off to fit himself for another confession.

Juan. (Who has been looking indignantly after Alonzo.) Accursed rashness!—Well, well, I have done my duty, and the worst that can happen is—to suffer with him. Ha, Diego! you, and I, and Alonzo, trussed like so many squab pigeons, and roasting before a slow fire, would make a very pretty trio!

Dieg. I had rather you would leave me out, and make it a duetto, sir.

Juan.

Juan. No, by no means!—Come be of good heart! How dost find thyself?

Dieg. Very much like a fish out of water.

Juan. False! false! and I'll prove it.—When a fool is in a hobble, he is precisely in his own element.

Dieg. Yes, if the hobble is of the fool's making: but here, saving your presence, the wise and noble cavaliers have framed the noose, and thrust the poor fool's head into it, will'y nill'y.

Juan. Well, let us hear what the wisdom of the fool will suggest in this case.

Dieg. Were I in the place of the most valiant and noble knight Don Juan Velasquez, I would, in the first place, deliver a sermon pretty much as he has done; and, if it produced no effect, as is usual, I would then say, my dear friend, Alonzo, or Don Alonzo, or Don Alonzo De Molina, you cannot expect in reason that I should stay here to be roasted alive for your sake. You will be burnt at the stake, without doubt: farewell—I wish you much pleasure.—I shall return home, and take honest Diego, or trusty Diego, or our trusty and well-beloved friend Diego with me—And when Diego and I, or I and Diego, are safe in Madrid, we will say a prayer to help you out of your difficulties.

Juan. That may be done here.

Dieg. Here!—on heathen ground!—in view of a heathen temple!

Juan. Blockhead! The prayers of an honest heart are as near the throne of mercy, when arising from the plains of Quito, as from the streets of Madrid. But at present, action, not supplication, is wanted. I am here as the guardian of my misguided friend.

Dieg.

Dieg. Are you?—And what am I?

Juan. His armour-bearer.

Dieg. O, then my presence here is altogether superfluous at present. I think I can find the way to our dwelling.—Good night, sir.

Juan. 'Tis thine to obey, and attend upon thy master. Take this whistle, and steal round the walls of the temple to the left, while I go to the right, until we meet on the other side. If you encounter any thing suspicious, whistle. Here take it.

Dieg. (*Trembling as he takes it.*) All around to the left, sir?

Juan. Aye, to the left.

Dieg. Alone, sir?

Juan. Aye, alone, sir.

Dieg. I shall certainly lose myself.

Juan. Blockhead, can you not see the wall and the cupola of the temple?

Dieg. Bless me, Sir—do you think I am an owl?

Juan. Is not the light of the moon sufficient?

Dieg. No, sir—not for my eyes. I never venture abroad by moon-light without a companion.

Juan. The prudent signor Diego.

Dieg. Give me leave to observe, sir, that according to the opinions of the wisest among the ancient philosophers, night was formed for the purposes of rest; and if the man himself does not go to sleep in the dark, his courage always takes that opportunity of enjoying a nap. My fortitude always goes to bed with the sun.

Juan. Well, Diego, your reasoning is so good and your philosophy so sound, that I am persuaded, I had better not trust you from my side. Come let us seek for a dry spot to rest in.

Dieg. Lord, sir, why you don't think of sleeping in this wilderness? Who knows but one may lie down in the same bed with a bear?—I shall never be able to sleep, sir, without my night-cap, and my nice soft pillow.—

Juan. Rouse up your heart, man!—There is no pillow like courage. And trust me, the man who has an unsullied conscience can sleep as sound upon the trunk of a tree as the seven sleepers themselves! [*Exit.*

Dieg. O dear, O dear!—I find that when a man's courage goes to sleep before him, it's very apt to make the rest of his faculties wakeful—I have not the least inclination to go to bed in this star chamber.

Juan. (*Without.*) Come, Diego!

Dieg. Coming, sir.—Now if a rattle snake should chance to wind himself round my head by way of a night-cap!—Or if a hungry tyger should take his evening's walk this way—what a delicious supper he might make of me!

Juan. Diego, I say!

Dieg. Yes, sir, I am coming with all possible haste. Well, I may as well creep as close to Don Juan as the nature of the case will admit. If I can sleep now, who will say that I am not master of the trade? for my head is full of thought, my heart full of fear, and my stomach full of emptiness.

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT SECOND.

Scene continues. Time, early morning.

ALONZO *springs over the ruins of the wall, and assists CORA to do the same.*

Al. Only one little jump, dear Cora! Throw yourself boldly into my arms!—At length I have thee again in my embrace. It is now three long weeks——

Co. Only three weeks?

Al. Months to love.

Co. Years to my heart.

Al. Each evening with the twilight has Alonzo visited this spot, and anxiously waited and listened to hear the signal which should summon him to his Cora.

Co. And every evening has Cora wept that she could not meet her Alonzo.

Al. You have not been ill I hope?

Co. Alas, I am always ill when I am not with you. It was not thus with me formerly. I used to be gentle and quiet; but now I am ever discontented—I am not the same good Cora. Now when I sit at my daily work, and spin or weave, if only a thread breaks, I become so peevish, that I sometimes am frightened with myself. Tell me, Alonzo, does love make us better or worse?

Al. True love makes us better.

Co. Oh no! no! True love dwells in my heart, and yet I am worse than I was.

Al.

Al. Indeed!

Co. Yes, indeed. A strange but pleasing sadness has taken possession of my heart. When, at the last festival, I adorned the porch of the temple with flowers, I saw upon the steps a young woman lying asleep, and on her breast lay a little lovely angel, which smiled as it looked in my face. My full heart melted—I stretched out my arms to the child—I wished softly to steal it from its mother, and press it to my throbbing bosom. But what is so easily broken as the slumbers of a tender mother? Hardly had I touched the child, ere she sprung anxiously up, clasped her treasure close to her heart, and darted in my face a look of displeasure and distrust. Alonzo, is it not honorable to be a mother?

Al. Cora! Cora!—Do you not know what you swore when this image of the sun was placed on your breast.

Co. To obey the mandates of our temple.

Al. And what do they enjoin?

Co. I know not. My father told me that by whomsoever virtue was held sacred, its precepts would be fulfilled without particular instructions.

Al. And know you then what constitutes virtue? Alas! you know not the terrible distinction between virtue as founded on the eternal principles of nature, and virtue as fashioned by the distorted imaginations of erring men. O Cora! Cora! The most horrible of deaths awaits you.

Co. Death!

Al. And I—I am your murderer!

Co. Why do you torment yourself thus without cause? Who will put me to death? And why?

Al. Your priests will say you have offended the gods.

Al.

Co. I offend the gods?—No, Alonzo, I love the gods.

Al. Yet will you be the victim of ancient superstition. No safety remains to us but flight—flight—whither fly? a stranger—in a foreign land!

Co. Dearest self-tormentor! I have thought of a way to set your heart at rest.

Al. If so, it must be suggested by heaven.

Co. It is sure and simple. Yes, the rising of this morning's sun, shall show, whether the feelings of my heart deceive me, whether the gods are displeased or not with Cora. Hitherto the moon and stars alone have been the witnesses of our love; but the sun himself, the greatest of our gods, shall now be the witness and the judge. We will ascend yonder hill together. We will turn our faces towards the east, and joining hand in hand, as a token of our union, boldly await the rising of our god. If Cora have done evil, either the sun will veil himself from her sight, or the first ray of his light which falls upon her, will annihilate the criminal. Soon will his beams appear above the horizon; hasten, hasten to ascend the hill! (*She ascends the hill, Alonzo follows her.*) Behold!—A minute longer and we had been too late—see how the east is streaked with gold! Oh! rejoice, Alonzo! No cloud troubles the serenity of my god—he is not offended! (*She kneels.*) Father, I thank thee!—Oh! if what I feel is sinful, be thy glorious countenance veiled in darkness as a token of thy wrath!—No! See, Alonzo, he smiles! he blesses your Cora!—O, my heart is full of joy and gratitude! Kneel with me, Alonzo, and let us offer our prayers and our thanks.

Al.

Al. Dear Cora, the sun is not my god.

Co. O, yes! Does he not shine upon all? To all give light and warmth? I entreat you, kneel with me.

Al. Dear Cora.

Co. Ungrateful!—Who gave thee Cora?—Good Alonzo, if thou lovest me—(*Kneels, and takes his hand to draw him after her.*)

Al. Who could resist such sweet enthusiasm? (*He kneels.*)

Co. Silent thanks are the offerings of our hearts!

Al. These I offer to thee, Ruler of the Universe! (*They remain in silent prayer.*)

Enter ROLLA from his cave.

Rol. So early!—Alas!—The sun rises and sets, yet finds me ever wakeful! Patience! patience! the time will soon arrive when he will find me in eternal sleep.—(*Looking out.*) Who are these?—Two of the strangers who dwell among us?—Doubtless they have lost their way and have been overtaken by the night. I will awake and offer them refreshment. But first my morning prayer to thee my father. (*As he turns to the east he sees Cora and Alonzo, and starts with horror: they rise and embrace: Rolla exclaims*) Cora!

(*Cora, on seeing Rolla, sinks in a swoon. Alonzo in great distress hesitates for some time, at length speaks.*)

Al. Velasquez! Diego! to arms! to arms! (*Rolla remains gazing at Cora.*)

Enter JUAN, (his sword drawn.)

Juan. What's the matter?

Al. Seize him! do not let him escape!

Juan.

Juan. Where? Whom?

Al. Secure him! he will escape!

Juan. That single man?

Enter DIEGO, flourishing his sword.

Dieg. Two to one? I'm your man for that!

Al. Seize him! We are betrayed!

Juan. A single unarm'd man. (*Sheathes his sword.*)

Al. (*Leaves Cora and rushes down the hill, he draws his sword and advances upon Rolla who remains unmoved.*) Then I must myself——

Juan. (*Seizing his arm.*) Hold friend—or enemy—if you advance another step——

Al. Velasquez, are you mad? Cora's life is at stake! He must die to preserve our secret.

Juan. Back!

Al. Stand off, or my sword shall dispatch thee also! (*Struggling with Juan.*)

Juan. Rolla!—draw my sword, and defend thyself!

Rol. Seek not to restrain him; I die willingly for Cora.

Co. (*Having recovered, rushes down the hill.*) Alonzo! what would you do?

Juan. Dost thou also oppose me? It is for thee—for thy sake! If he betrays thee, thou art lost.

Co. He betray me? Rolla, my friend, betray me? Look in his eyes. Did treason ever look thus?

Rol. (*Embracing her.*) Now let me die!—Cora confides in me! I hold thee in my arms; I speak to thee; I hear again thy beloved voice. For five
years

years have I only at awful distance gazed at the virgin of the sun.—Now—I behold Cora again!

Co. Hear him, Alonzo. Hear how kind, how good is Rolla. My mother used ever to say—“Rolla is good; love him, become his wife, and I shall die in peace.”—But my poor mother died, and Rolla was gone to the wars, and a sacred flame was kindled in my bosom. He came back, but I could not love him. My heart listened only to the gods, and I sighed for the day on which I should be wedded to the sun.

Rol. But enthusiasm has at length yielded to nature—You love.

Co. I love! Yes, Rolla, I love this young man. I saw him for the first time in the temple. He stood by the side of the king. I trembled, and the offering almost fell from my hand. His ardent looks, rivetted on me, told me his heart was mine. The gods saw, and pitied us. You must well remember those awful days, when for several months the mountains shot forth fire; the sea boiled; and the earth quaked—When our buildings were laid in ruins, and even the holy temple of the sun was burst in two several places, and the sacred walls which surround it were rent in twain. We, poor terror-struck creatures, ran from the death that threatened us in our cells—but, under the wide canopy of heaven, still death pursued us. The earth yawned—the walls crash’d—we mingled our shrieks with the groans of suffering nature. Alonzo, ever watchful, perceived the breach in the wall, and boldly rushed among the ruins. There opened the earth, and here my arms, to receive him. He gave me life; I gave him love.

Rol. Cora!—I tremble!—

Al.

Al. Tell him all. Thy weakness, my guilt—
tell him—that thou art my wife!

Co. Yes, indeed, Rolla.

Rol. (*Astonished.*) O God!—Cora!—imprudent, yet innocent creature! And thou, stranger to our laws, was it unknown to thee, that—Mighty gods!—Away!—you must fly!—instantly fly!

Juan. But whither?

Al. Ah, Rolla, save her!

Co. Is it, then, true? Rolla, the gods are not angry; then how am I guilty?

Rol. My frame is shaken with terror. I have no power over thought.—Cora, do you love him?

Co. As my soul.

Rol. Do you feel, that in his arms, repentance will never corrode your peace? That you can end your days as his wife?

Co. 'Tis my only wish.

Rol. And you, Alonzo, do you feel the value of the offering she brings you?

Al. I feel it.

Rol. Then I will save ye! (*Places himself between them.*) Come hither, give me each a hand—consider me as your brother. Cora, my beloved sister, I unite you to this man. (*Unites their hands.*) May the shade of your mother look down and witness this moment!—Her blessing be upon you!—Be you happy and I am so! (*Turns aside and wipes a tear from his eyes.*)

Al. and Co. (*Embracing him.*) Our brother!

Rol. Your brother! Yes, I will go with you. In a sequestered spot beyond the mountains, I have a friend who will receive us with transport. There you will be in safety. There will I dwell with you, and rear your children to active virtue.

I will

I will be cheerful and happy, because I shall witness the happiness of Cora! And at length, bedew'd with fraternal and sisterly tears, ascend to our glorious father.

Co. O, excellent Rolla! How will my mother thank you when she meets you in the realms of the sun!

Al. Scarcely can I lift my eyes to you, glorious man!

Juan. (*Half aside endeavoring to conceal a tear.*) By all the saints above, if that man is not a christian, I will turn heathen!

Dieg. (*Who during this scene has been prying about, now comes forward hastily.*) I hear a rustling, and two women's voices behind the wall.

Rol. Away! Hasten to my cave!

[*Enter Idali and Amazili through the wall.*]

Al. Too late!—They are already here!

Enter IDALI and AMAZILI.

Al. We are too late, they are here already!

Ida. Cora! we were seeking for you.

Co. I am coming.

Rol. Tarry a moment; they have seen and heard us. For god's sake, do not let them escape us! we must win them over to our interest.

Juan. That were a task for a minister of state!—If this be accomplished, I shall be persuaded that Rolla is capable of conquering whole provinces without a stroke of a sword.

Rol. Nothing more easy. Flatter them—they are women.

Juan. Lovely maidens! will you not come near?

Ida.

Ida. (*To Amazili.*) I believe he means to address us.

Ama. How he fixes his eyes upon us! Let us hasten back.

Ida. Come, Cora, the high priestess sent us to seek for you.

Al. Pray come nearer, pious virgins!

Juan. And receive the homage due to your charms.

Ida. (*To Amazili.*) Shall we run away?

Ama. Yes, let us fly. (*Neither of them stir.*)

Co. I will go with you directly. But why do you stand there, so bashfully, among the trees?—Come here, sisters.

Ida. Oh, no! not among men.

Juan. Men!—Fair maidens! how came you to suppose us men? Three of us are only Spaniards, and the other will readily withdraw if you wish to avoid his presence. (*He makes a sign to Rolla, who immediately retires into the entrance of his cave.*) Are you still afraid, sweet maidens?

Ama. (*To Idali.*) What do you think—shall we venture?

Ida. You step first, and I will follow.

Ama. No, you are the oldest.

Ida. But you got over the wall first.

Ama. Yes; but it was you that first spied the breach.

Juan. The contest may easily be decided. (*He steps between them, and draws them after him.*) Now you may safely swear, that neither took the first step.

Ama. Ah, Idali! he has laid such fast hold on me!

Ida. And of me too!

Juan.

Juan. Be quick, dear children, no harm shall happen to you. (*He chucks Idali under the chin.*) You are as blooming as a rose. (*Turning to Amazili.*) And you as—as—as——

Dieg. (*With great gallantry.*) As a sun-flower.

Juan. (*To Idali.*) Your eyes are so soft and blue.

Dieg. (*To Amazili.*) Yours are so very roguish.

Juan. You smile so sweetly.

Dieg. The coral of your lips is so alluring.

Juan. This hand is so soft.

Dieg. This waist is so slender.

Ama. (*To Amazili.*) Shall we run away?

Ida. I think we may as well stay a little.

Ama. But are you certain that you are not men?
We must die if you deceive us.

Co. Come, sisters, we shall be missed.

Ida. And then the high priestess will scold.

Ama. We ought to be dressing for the festival.

Ida. And there is no-body in the temple—the sacred flame will be extinguished.

Dieg. You can easily kindle it again with your bright eyes.

Co. Tell me, Idali, how happened it that the high priestess sent you hither?

Ida. We repaired to the temple this morning to take your place, and not finding you there, we went and reported it to the high priestess, who immediately sent us to look for you in the garden.

Co. Did she give you no farther orders?

Ama. Only when we found you to send you to her.

Juan. And should she ask you where you met Cora, what will you answer?

Ida. That we found her talking with some Spaniards.

Juan.

Juan. Oh, you must not mention us, sweet girls! for the high priestess will be angry at your staying so long; and forbid your meeting us again—and you would like, I hope, to come here sometimes, and amuse us with your conversation.

Dieg. (*To Amazili.*) I have fallen so desperately in love with you, you little rogue, that I hope you will come and meet me again.

Ama. (*To Idali.*) What say you, Idali?

Ida. I can't tell.

Juan. Say rather that Cora had fallen asleep behind one of the pillars of the temple, and in the dusk of morning you did not perceive her.

Dieg. Or that she was lying under the shade of the great palm tree in the court before the temple.

Ama. Oh, charming!

Ida. An excellent thought!

Co. Come, let us hasten back.

Ida. It is indeed time; let us go.

Ama. Yes, let us go. (*Neither she nor Idali stir.*)

Juan. Go, sweet maiden.

Dieg. Go, you little rogue.

Ida. Well, good morning—good morning.

Ama. Farewell—farewell. (*They return over the wall.*)

Co. (*Embracing Alonzo.*) Farewell, Alonzo.

Al. Farewell, my dear, my beloved wife.

[*Exit CORA.*

Re-enter ROLLA.

Rol. Have you secured them?

Dieg. O, sir, we have wound them round our fingers.

Juan.

Juan. Yet the threatening storm every moment draws nearer.

Al. Hasten, our brother, hasten to save us.

Rol. Be at peace : follow me and we will consult on the time and manner of our flight. Oh ! what new vigor have my limbs acquired ! I am become another man ! No longer are all things indifferent to me ; I find something again to interest me in the world. Again I hope and fear, desire and reject. Thank thee, Cora ! for the gentle rain which thus revives a withered plant. Yes, we will fly !—It is dangerous, but such danger shall be welcome to Rolla. When our pursuers shall be close upon us—when their cries assail our ears, and their arrows fly around—then I shall truly live ! For Cora to fight ! To brandish my sword for Cora ! Then, then will the prowess of Rolla be known !—You called me valiant under the walls of Cuzco, and in the fields of Tumibamba—but never yet have I fought for Cora—In her defence, and in her presence !—Oh ! I shall become a god !

Al. Noble Rolla ! Look upon me with the countenance of a friend, that I may be assured of your pardon for the headstrong Alonzo.

Rol. No, Alonzo ; do not ascribe to me the virtue I possess not. All that I do is for Cora ; nothing for you. Let Cora drop a withered flower in the stream, and cry “ Oh ! that I could have it again ; ” I would plunge in and recover it at the risk of my life. For her sake I am your friend ; for her sake I pardon you.

Al. At least let me cherish the hope, that you will find me worthy of your friendship for my own sake.

Rol.

Rol. You are beloved by Cora ; what more can you wish? Oh! if Cora loved me, the gods might seek my friendship! Come into my cave. Oh! from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot, every atom is in commotion! All my strength is bent like a mighty bow. To-day I could rule the world!

(He leads Alonzo into the cave. Juan and Diego follow.)

END OF THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT THIRD. SCENE FIRST.

The High-Priestess' apartment in a building called the House of the Stars.

H. P's. These girls are gone a long time, the sun has already risen above the hills, and they are not returned!—The giddy creatures rely too much upon the mildness and gentleness of my heart—I am too ready to overlook a fault. Their faults are the faults of innocence; pity it is that innocence and ignorance are so nearly allied!

Enter IDALI and AMAZILI in haste and almost breathless. They speak both together.

Ida. and Ama. Here we are already.

H. P's. Softly, softly, children!—And so you are absolutely here already?

Ida. Oh yes, we have run all the way.

H. P's. Whence then do you come?

Ida. From the garden. } (*Both speaking to-*
Ama. From the temple. } *gether.*)

H. P's. One of you must be guilty of a falshood.

Ida. It is I. } (*Extremely terrified, and speak-*
Ama. It is I. } *ing together.*)

H. P's. Why how now?—One of you has uttered an untruth again. What is at the bottom of all this?—Idali, do you remain where you are, and Amazili, come with me. (*She leads her to the other side of the stage, and speaks in a half whisper.*)

whisper.) Tell me truly, do you come from the temple?

Ama. Yes.

H. P's. Now don't stir. (*She goes to Idali.*) You say that you came from the garden;—tell me the real truth.

Ida. Oh yes, we came from the garden.

H. P's. So, so!—Some pretty trick has been playing here, and I must sift out the truth as well as I can. Idali, don't stir. And what is the meaning of all these signs? (*She goes to Amazili.*) Have you found Cora?

Ama. Yes.

H. P's. Where did you find her?

Ama. She had fallen asleep under the large palm-tree that stands before the porch of the temple.

H. P's. Remain there, and don't take your eyes from the ground. (*She goes to Idali.*) Have you found Cora?

Ida. Yes.

H. P's. Where did you find her?

Ida. Sitting behind a pillar in the temple, fast asleep. We might have passed her twenty times without perceiving her.

H. P's. Admirable!—Now both of you come hither. (*She takes a hand of each, and looks steadfastly; first at one, then at the other.*) You have both uttered falsehoods! You say, that Cora was asleep behind a pillar in the temple; and you, that she was under the palm-tree in the court of the temple. (*Idali and Amazili look terrified and embarrassed.*) Which am I to believe?

Ida. (*To Amazili.*) Silly girl, you have forgotten every thing.

Ama.

Ama. No, it is you who have forgotten.

Ida. No, indeed it is you.

Ama. I am sure that I was bid to say under the shade of the great palm-tree.

Ida. I am sure I was bid to say behind the pillar.

H. P's. *I was bid!* and, *I was bid!* What may all this mean? (*Idali and Amazili hesitate.*) Oh! children, children! learn, from the feelings of this moment, the incalculable value of truth!

Ida. (*To Amazili.*) This is your fault.

Ama. No, it is your's.

Ida. I certainly did not mention him first.

H. P's. *Him!*—Who? who?—You have not been among men, I hope?—The gods defend us from so horrible a misfortune, as the breach of our sacred vows!

Ida. and Ama. Oh, no! No, indeed!

H. P's. No?

Ida. They were not men.

Ama. Only Spaniards.

H. P's. Spaniards! How? what? Spaniards! (*She pauses, and somewhat recovers herself.*) Well, if they were only Spaniards—And how many might there be?

Ama. (*Growing pleased and communicative.*) Three. One for Cora, one for Idali, and one for me. Mine had fine brown hair, and eyes just the same color.

Ida. Mine had black curling hair, and such a sweet countenance.

Ama. But mine was the handsomest.

Ida. No, mine was much handsomer.

H. P's. Well, well, this may be settled another time. Now tell me, how came these Spaniards in the temple?

Ida.

Ida. They were not in the temple.

H. P's. What, then, had they flown over the high walls into the garden?

Ida. They were not in the garden.

Ama. But they might have come in as easily as we got out.

H. P's. You got out of the garden? And how could that be managed?

Ida. According to your orders we went to look for Cora. We ran hither and thither, and called her by her name, but to no purpose; till, at last, as we were looking about and listening, we thought we heard voices on the other side of the wall, just by the arbour, where the little stream is lost in the wood. We followed the sound, and crept softly through the thick bushes, till, at length, we came to a great, great rent in the wall, from the top to the bottom, and so broad that Amazili and I could easily go through it, and we had only to step over a few stones to get quite on the outside.

H. P's. And you did step over the stones and get on the outside?

Ama. Else we should not have found Cora.

H. P's. Indeed! What, she too had stepped over the stones?

Ida. Yes, and was talking with the Spaniards. At first we thought they were men, and were going to run away; but they entreated us very earnestly to stay: and, as we found they really were only Spaniards, we thought there could be no harm in complying with them.

Ama. And they wanted us to promise that we would come again.

H. P's. Which promise you made?

Ida. We only half promised it.

H. P's.

H. P's. But you intend meeting them again?

Ama. What say you, Idali?

Ida. Perhaps so, if you are inclined, Amazili.

H. P's. Well, well—at present go send Cora hither—then dress yourselves; prepare the bread of sacrifice, and dispose it in the baskets.

Ida. (*Taking Amazili's hand.*) Come, sister!

[*Exeunt both.*]

P's. Your simplicity protects you from my anger. You are not to blame that you are thus ignorant; it is the fault of those who ought to know—that there is no safety for virtue but in knowledge. Yet Cora—has she?—Oh! chaste and venerable Oella, shield me from the thought!—Cora, the most lovely of the virgins of the sun, if she should have broken our laws and forfeited her life?—But she comes—I must check my feelings,

Enter CORA.

H. P's. Shameless girl! do you dare to appear in my presence?

Co. I come from the service of our god.

H. P's. Be thankful that his thunder is not entrusted to my hands.

Co. What do you mean? How have I incurred your anger?

H. P's. Do not suppose that I am unacquainted with your conduct—that I am ignorant how Cora disgraces these sacred walls, and exposes her sisters' honor to censure.

Co. I have done nothing wrong.

H. P's. Look stedfastly in my face—you have been in the company of men.

Co. I have not offended the gods.

H. P's.

H. P's. Cora, I command you to look at me. You are acquainted with a Spaniard.

Co. I am innocent.

H. P's. Even already this morning have you seen and conversed with him.

Co. The sun was the witness of my actions.

H. P's. Confess your guilt.

Co. I know no guilt.

H. P's. Blind! and misguided!

Co. I tread the path of nature and innocence.

H. P's. You are a priestess of the sun; tremble at the torments which our terrible laws will inflict on you.

Co. I shall suffer undeservedly.

H. P's. You have nothing to confide to me!

Co. No.

H. P's. Will you confess?

Co. No.

H. P's. For the last time, Cora, I admonish you! A few moments yet are your's! Make use of them. I know all. Soon must I assemble the virgins in the temple. I must call the priests together. They will judge you, and sternly judge you! Death will be your lot! and more than death: shame! At present we are alone.—Do you persist in in your silence.

Co. Yes.

H. P's. (*Changing her tone.*) Enough: I cannot believe that Cora is so great a criminal. I knew your mother when you were yet a child. "I love my Cora," she would say, "for her gentle and complying spirit."

Co. Spoke she thus? O, she was an affectionate mother! She carried the joy of my life with her to the grave.

H. P's.

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H. P's.

rays of our divinity be profaned by falling upon a being so contaminated. You must answer with your lives for the prisoner, till the moment when she shall be brought forth to judgment. Veil yourselves in the deepest mourning. Confine her, and then follow me to the foot of the throne to demand vengeance! Vengeance upon the criminal!

[*Exit.*

Ama. Cora—tell us—of what you are accused?

Co. I have done nothing wrong. Our god and my own heart acquit me. I have done nothing wrong.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE SECOND.

The Palace of the King. Guards ranged on each side. ALONZO, JUAN and Courtiers in conversation. Enter the King's Chamberlain.

Cham. (As he enters.) Open the doors! Let all enter, who would greet the son of the sun on this solemn festival, and accompany him to the temple of his father and his God!

Enter the HIGH PRIEST, XAIRA, and other Priests.

Xai. What do these strangers here?

H. P. Probably they wait to attend the king when he goes to sacrifice.

Xai. Impious! It is not right to permit the presence of strangers, who will, perhaps, turn to mockery the service of our gods.

H. P. Mockery? That were to show themselves fools, and such is not the character of Alonzo or Velasquez. Have you forgotten that our king
owes

owes his life to Alonzo? That he has made the people of Quito a terror to their enemies by teaching to fight hand to hand, in close combat? That he has instructed us in many of the arts of peace?—

Xai. Accursed be his arts!—He has but increased our wants. We were happier far without him.

H. P. Rude and unthankful man!

Cham. Is there any news that may be reported to the king?

Cour. The old Telasco arrived last evening from his province, and has brought his son Zorai to present him to the Inca.

Cham. How long is it since we saw the venerable old man?

Cour. It is now two years since he brought his daughter Cora to the house of the stars.

Al. Do'st thou hear, Velasquez?—Cora's father is in Quito!

Juan. I hear it.

Al. And her brother! This alone was wanting! How will their unsuspecting looks torture my guilty conscience! (*A march is heard.*)

Cham. The king approaches.

Enter ATALIBA and FOLLOWERS. All prostrate themselves.

Ata. (To the High Priest.) I rejoice, venerable old man, to see how your strength sports with the burthen of years.

H. P. Under such a sovereign, our youth is renewed.

F

Ata.

Ata. What I am, I am through you; that will I never forget. We have a smiling day, Xaira, the gods are propitious.

Xai. Yet, mournful forebodings have disquieted my heart.

Ata. How so?

Xai. The lamb which I was about to sacrifice at midnight, struggled beneath the sacred knife.

Ata. Most natural.

Xai. And the lungs of the victim, which, when they tremble and quiver after they are torn out, promise happiness for the ensuing year, lay motionless.

Ata. I thank you for the information, but I desire it may not be spread among the people. (*To the High Priest, smiling and in a half whisper.*) We have tygers enough to disturb our peace; why should we tremble before lambs?

H. P. To the people, such a lamb is more terrible than a tyger; and the king owes respect to popular faith.

Ata. True, venerable man; on that foundation did Manco-Capac erect his dominion. (*To Alonzo.*) Much loved Alonzo, art thou yet content to dwell among us?

Al. As long as you are pleased to behold me here, great Inca.

Ata. That is as long as Ataliba loves his friend. Well, Don Juan, how do the troops that you are training deport themselves?

Juan. Brave fellows! arms of iron and hearts of wax.

Ata. Oh! that eternal peace might permit their nervous arms to be devoted alone to the purposes of
of

of agriculture!—I think it is time to proceed to the temple.

H. P. We are ready.

Cham. (*Who during this scene has retired, now advances from the door.*) Sire, the old Telasco, governor of Antis, is arrived, and wishes to pay his homage to the first-born son of the sun.

Ata. My aged, honorable Telasco! Let him come in.

Al. Oh Juan—my heart! my heart!

Juan. Do not betray yourself.

The Chamberlain introduces TELASCO and ZORAI.

Ata. (*Meeting and embracing Telasco.*) Welcome, venerable old man! What leads thee from thy enviable solitude to the bustle of a court?—A seat for the aged.

Tel. Let me stand, good Inca; it so behoves the suppliant.

Ata. Hast thou a request? Speak it.

Tel. Two years ago was I here with my daughter Cora. I devoted her to the service of the gods, because it was her wish. It was a heavy blow to my age; truth demands the confession. This youth remains my only treasure. He has grown to manhood; his sister I devoted to the gods; I devote him to his country. I give him into your hands, O Inca! My remainder of years are numbered. Be you his father when I die! I know that the boy is brave. He will never forget that the blood of the Incas flows in his veins. Accept my present with favor: I bring you the most costly I have—I bring you all.

Ata. He shall be my son. Come nearer young man. (*Zorai kneels.*) Inherit thy father's virtue, and thou shalt inherit his honors.

Zor.

Zorai. Pardon me, if I promise nothing. Time must show whether I am worthy of this moment.

Ata. Rise!—I number thee among the immediate defenders of my life. Alonzo, I resign him to thy care. Teach him like thee, to fight and conquer.

Al. (Embarrassed.) O king!—I will endeavor to gain his confidence.

Tel. Art thou the man in whom the people bless the saviour of their Inca? Permit these old arms to embrace thee. Happy is my son in being placed under such a leader.

Al. (Much affected.) He shall be my brother. *(A march is heard at a distance.)*

Ata. Now my children! Away to the temple! Come Telasco upon my right hand, and if the walk becomes fatiguing, lean on me. Thou hast long been the support of Ataliba. *(The music ceases.)* What means this?

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Sire, the high priestess of the sun approaches, followed by a train of priestesses clad in mourning and uttering lamentations.

Ata. Conduct them hither.

Al. O God! Velasquez! What is this?—

Juan. For shame!—thou tremblest. Be a man!

Enter the HIGH PRIESTESS with her FOLLOWERS.

H. P's. Woe!—Mourning, and sorrow, and woe!

Ata. On whom dost thou imprecate woe?

H. P's. The temple is polluted! The altars are profaned! The holy lamp is extinguished!

Ata.

Ata. Name the criminal, that the vengeance of the gods may become my vengeance.

H. P's. Son of the sun! A poisonous serpent has polluted the house of the stars! A virgin of the sun has broken her vow! (*Pause.*) Woe! woe upon Cora!

Ata. Oh!! (*Telasco is supported by Zorai, and Alonzo by Juan.*)

H. P's. Vengeance! Vengeance on the murderer of virtue!—upon the wretch who could abuse the hospitality of a friendly people, and violate the sacred asylum of the wives of the sun!—Woe! woe upon Alonzo!

Ata. Oh God! what is this?

H. P's. First-born of the sun! Image of our god upon earth! Here stand I, and require from thee an awful atonement, a judgment of death and of blood!

Ata. (*Gloomily.*) It shall be given thee.

H. P's. Death and shame upon the seducer! Death and shame upon Cora, and all her family!

Tel. Shame!

H. P's. For such is the law; and thou, O king! art its minister.

Ata. All merciful God!—Enough ye pious women! I know my duty, and will do what the laws of my forefathers require. I ask thee not, Alonzo, if this accusation is truth; thy consciousness is written in thy death-like countenance. Thou art lost! I cannot save thee!—Hadst thou excited my provinces to rebellion, or wrested the half of my kingdom from me by the sword, I would have given thee my hand, and said “Thou didst once save my life, I willingly share with thee my all.”—But—now the king must speak, and the friend

friend remain in silence. Thou art lost! I cannot save thee! (*With great emotion.*) Alonzo, what hast thou done?

Al. Let me die!—I have received nothing but good at thy hand—and have repaid thee with ingratitude.—Let me die!—(*Throws himself on his knees.*) But save Cora!—she is innocent—the seducer alone is guilty!

Ata. Rise!—My power is limited, and is the most circumscribed in matters which regard religion. (*After a pause of agitation, and turning his face from Alonzo.*) Guards! put him in chains! (*To the high priest.*) Assemble your priests, to judge the accused after our holy laws and customs. Before the sun sinks in the ocean, summon me to the temple to enforce your sentence. (*He is going.*)

Xai. Sire, it is necessary that the father and the brother also be fettered.

Ata. Poor old man!—Alas, he will not run away from you.

Xai. The brother at least.

Ata. As it must be so—so be it! (*Zorai is fettered.*) Oh, what misery it is to be a king, when the king must punish. [*Exit.*]

H. P's. (*To the high priest.*) Hasten, thou first servant of our gods, give wings to your vengeance, that the last rays of the declining sun, may beam upon the grave which encloses Cora. Away, ye daughters of the sun! Bow yourselves down in prayer, wash the altar with your tears, and hide your shame-reddened cheeks in seven-fold veils, until the disgrace with which yon profligate stranger has branded our holy order, be wholly wiped away. [*Exeunt high priestess and her followers.*]

H. P. Poor Rolla!

[*Exit.*]

Xai.

Xai. (To the priests.) Go out at the northern gate, until you come to the waste and desolate spot by the wall, o'erspread with heaps of stones—There prepare the grave. [*Exeunt priests.*

Tel. And let me be the first laid within it!

[*Exeunt Tel. and Zor. guarded.*

Xai. Lead the prisoners away!

Al. Farewell, Velasquez! When you return to our native country, bear my greetings to my mother—but conceal my unhappy story!—O Cora! Cora!

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THIRD ACT.

ACT

 ACT FOURTH. SCENE FIRST.

A barren spot on the outside of the walls of the Temple.

PRIESTS making a grave. ROLLA enters.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Haste ! haste !—that soon our work be done.
 Prepare for Cora's crime the tomb ;
 Deep, deep, where ne'er a ray of sun,
 Has bless'd the earth's unhallowed womb.
 There let the guilty yield her breath,
 To save the innocent from shame and death.

Rol. Cora's crime !—Speak !—Answer me !

A Priest. Away from this spot ! It is accursed for Cora's sake.

Rol. Curses upon thyself, ill-boding priest !—
 What do'st thou here ?—Speak !—What means
 this grave ?

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Brethren, away ! The grave's prepared.
 Away ! The victim hither bring !
 Heaven's will is by the law declared ;
 We wait the sentence of the king.
 Cora must die, heaven's peace to win :
 She, a sin-offering, expiates her sin.

[The priests are going.]

Rol. Ye gods !—A mountain has fallen upon
 me !—Speak, hard-hearted men ! Speak !—It is
 Rolla

Rolla entreats!—Rolla begs!—What has happened?—What means this grave?—these ill-omened sounds?—Stop—speak! or dread my fury!—*(Exeunt priests.)* O God! my agony is insupportable!—Now could I see the good high priest—my venerable uncle.—Ha! he is here!

Enter HIGH PRIEST.

Rol. Speak!—Is it true?—True or false?

H. P. I understand, not your words, but the wildness of your looks, too well. It is true.

Rol. *(Pointing to the grave.)* And here?—

H. P. *(Turning from him.)* Alas!

Rol. And Rolla live? No, ye eternal gods!—Sooner shall the temple become a desert, and the holy lamp be extinguished! Sooner, much sooner shall yon pit be the grave of Rolla!—Rise, ye terrors of nature, ye storms and whirlwinds, that I may breathe more freely!—that my voice may contend with your roarings, and my arm emulate your lightnings in destruction! O! while this hand can wield a sword who shall dare touch Cora!

H. P. Madman, rage on! Thy frenzy would contend with the gods.

Rol. With the gods? O, no! The gods side with me: their lightning is in my hand, their shield covers my breast.—Shortsighted mortals! Love is the holiest, the brightest, the warmest ray of our divinity! it alike unfolds the bud of the rose, and the heart of man! Woe, then, to the wretch who retires to cold and cloistered solitude, when he should open his breast to receive this genial ray! But double woe to the greater wretch, who spreads the cloud of superstition between man and his god, to intercept this heavenly emanation!—But to whom am I talking? You cannot understand me.

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H. P.

H. P. You do me injustice, Rolla.

Rol. Injustice? Have you a sense of the heavenly feeling, the godlike quality of love? *You*, whose lips have condemned Cora?

H. P. My lips condemned Cora.

Rol. Not your heart?

H. P. Not my heart.

Rol. Come then to my arms! The blessing of heaven be on you! You are a man!—But why stand you there so cold and inactive? Save her!

H. P. I cannot.

Rol. Courage, dear uncle, courage! Your grey hairs, your mild eloquence, my sword, and the arm of God!—Yes, we shall save her!

H. P. Alas, young man! Your zeal makes you blind to the steep rocks which lie in our way.

Rol. I feel strength to surmount them.

H. P. Ancient popular opinions—the custom of centuries—

Rol. Nature is older than these.

H. P. But not more powerful.

Rol. Mere evasion.

H. P. Could I, by the sacrifice of my remaining years, purchase the life of Cora, with eager steps would I descend into this grave—

Rol. Away, away! Do not talk—act.

H. P. Rolla, thou torturest me. Learn to be silent when an old man speaks. Or if thou canst not reverence my age, respect my misfortunes. I am not a priest by choice, but by birth. Oh! had you known me in youth, you would have seen one more eager to brandish the sword in the face of my country's enemies, than to hold the knife to the throat of the lambs and turtle doves of the altar. Believe me, few are the men who stand in
their

their proper places, and fewest of all, those whose places are determined by birth.

Rol. If my words have offended, I pray you pardon me.—I know not what I say.

H. P. Rolla, Rolla, I can no longer endure the chilling frown upon thy brow, and the cold contempt of thine eye. Thou—the only being on whom my love hangs, the only being for whose love I pant! Listen to my mournful story! Alas, it nearly resembles thine own.—My sorrows are the sorrows of the heart! my sufferings are the sufferings of hopeless love! I also loved a virgin of the sun.

Rol. How!

H. P. As high priest I had free access at all times to the house of the stars. My eyes roved at pleasure among the blossoms which were daily unfolded within its walls. This long remained a mere amusement to the eye, in which the heart took no part. At length Zulma shone forth in the midst of her sisters, an image of the god she served. I saw and loved her: struggled with my passion, but could not overcome. I was soon convinced that her heart beat responsively to mine. The voice of reason and duty was listened to no longer—passion was ascendant in our bosoms—and—Rolla, you are my son!

Rol. Old man! You mock me!

H. P. You are my son!

Rol. (*Rushes into his arms: Pause.*) Lives my mother still?

H. P. She looks from above and blesses us. Now does Rolla know that it was the heart of a father which hung on his every action—that followed him into the field of battle, and bounded with transport when he returned victorious home.

Rol.

Rol. Have I then ever communicated the throbs of transport to any human breast? My father! O this name is so new—and these feelings are so new.—O my father! Why did you so long conceal yourself from a heart like mine, a heart so destitute of joy?

H. P. The ardor of youth was not to be trusted.

Rol. But how could you escape discovery?

H. P. What would have been impossible to another, was to the high priest easy. You were sent, as soon as born, to my brother, the governor of a distant province, and educated as his son.

Rol. And have I indeed a father! one whose heart will sympathize with mine?—Yes, I shall yet be happy. We will fly this place, my father, —Cora and Alonzo shall accompany us, and—

H. P. Alas! my son! flight is impossible. Cora and Alonzo are both in chains—both guarded—and in a few hours the assembled priests will pronounce sentence. Deceive not yourself—Cora is irretrievably lost!

Rol. No, father, no! She must be saved—saved by you! Are you not high priest—the first among her judges?

H. P. What am I alone, when opposed to the will of many? I hear already the voice of Xaira's zeal. Of what avail is the voice of reason when the whirlwind uproots and scatters the pride of the forest?

Rol. You will at least have done your part: God and my sword shall do the rest.

H. P. My glorious son!

Rol. Think, my father, think of that hour when Cora shall meet your Zulma in the regions of peace, and shall say to her, "I am a virgin of the
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the sun, condemned to death by the father of your Rolla, because I dared to love"—by you, my father!—by you!—guilty of the same crime, if crime it be, for which you murder her.

H. P. Why torture me, my son? I will do all in my power. I will persuade; entreat; do all that the weakness of age will permit.—Alas! the hour of judgment approaches.

Rol. Away, then!—Exert yourself—my life hangs on the life of Cora! But if your endeavors are vain, you shall find that, mean-time, I have not been idle.

H. P. (*Taking his hand.*) May we meet again, happier than we part. [*Exit.*]

Rol. Yes, I will save her!—I must save her!—My mother was a virgin of the sun; to rescue Cora is a tribute due to her memory! To save my beloved and offer a peace-offering to the shade of my mother.—Gracious gods! such motives would inflame my heart, though fashioned from the snows of the Andes.

Enter JUAN.

Rol. Ha, Velasquez!—Welcome!—I have need of your assistance.

Juan. What is your wish?

Rol. Have you courage to risk your life for a friend?

Juan. Can that be doubted?

Rol. Give me your hand.

Juan. Take it.

Rol. Cora and Alonzo are lost.

Juan. Alas, I know it!

Rol. We must save them.

Juan. If it be possible.

Rol.

Rol. One bold stroke—one desperate push—

Juan. With all my heart, if it be not criminal.

Rol. Criminal?—Indeed it may be thought a crime.

Juan. Then seek another associate.

Rol. And yet if thus considered—tell me, Juan, which is the greatest crime, to establish or abolish an inhuman law?

Juan. The last is virtue.

Rol. Which we will practice.

Juan. We?—Have we the right to do so?—The practice of this virtue belongs to the king alone.

Rol. We will counsel the king.

Juan. Agreed.

Rol. With arms in our hands.

Juan. Such counsel is rebellion.

Rol. What signifies a name, when the end is human happiness?

Juan. Not altogether so. Good flows alone from good. Besides, Ataliba is my host and benefactor.

Rol. Your friend is in danger.

Juan. I will not commit a crime, even to save my friend. My life is his at any time, but my honor is always my own.

Rol. But if I promise, that not a hair of the king's head shall be hurt—that we will conquer through fear alone?—

Juan. Who shall set the city on fire, and promise to stay the flames ere they touch the temple?

Rol. I once led the armies of my country. The soldiers still love me, still remember the victories

tories we have gained together, and the hours of danger, in which the meanest of them was my brother. To you, also, Velasquez, the king has entrusted a valiant band. At my signal all that bear arms will assemble, and be guided by us. We ask nothing for ourselves. Sacred shall be the throne. Sacred the life and property of each individual. We will only ask freedom—freedom for Cora and Alonzo!

Juan. Noble Rolla! you are blinded by love! Search your heart; you will, perhaps, for the first time, detect improper motives.

Rol. I have no ears for your preaching. I can feel nothing but Cora's danger—hear nothing but the voice of Cora crying for help!—Look! there is Cora's grave! Icy-hearted man, look at the grave of Cora!—But what is Cora to thee?—*(Seizes Juan's hand.)* Come—away—let us hasten to the spot where the pile is preparing for your friend. If *there* your heart will allow your head to reason—if *there* I cannot impart to you my anguish and my rage, there will I leave you, and fly to the grave of my mother—and the first glance I cast thereon—when I behold the grass bow as the wind sweeps over the mound—all your precepts will be swept from my soul without leaving a trace behind. *[Exit leading Juan.]*

SCENE SECOND.

The House of the Stars.

Enter XAIRA and other PRIESTS.

Xai. He stays long.

Priest. Very long.

Xai.

Xai. What could the king want of him?

Priest. All the messenger knew, was, that the king wished to speak with the high priest before sentence should be pronounced upon Cora. But see, he comes.

Enter HIGH PRIEST.

Xai. We have expected you with impatience.

H. P. I was summoned to the Inca.

Xai. Is your conversation a secret?

H. P. No. The king wills, that the judges of Cora and Alonzo make strict enquiry, whether the youth and the maiden are alike guilty, or whether the one seduced the other.

Xai. Well, and grant it were so?

H. P. Then shall the seducer die, and the seduced be released.

Xai. Dare I believe my senses? Has the king spoken thus? And does the high priest of the sun venture to repeat it?

H. P. Why not?

Xai. "The transgressors of the laws both shall die." So spoke our God.

H. P. Did you hear the voice of God? or was it not the first Inca who spoke thus?

Xai. It is the same.

H. P. Right. The Inca is the image of God upon earth. The last Inca, as well as the first. Therefore, may the present Inca, who rules a mild and civilized people, ameliorate the laws which were made for savages.

Xai. (*Sarcastically.*) Why not abolish them?

H. P. Such was nearly his determination. But he thinks one example due to the repose of his people.

Xai.

Xai. One only?—And which?—"The guilty only shall die"—but what earthly wisdom shall determine the guilty? Will not each endeavor to throw the guilt upon the other?

H. P. Of that hereafter. For the present, it is our duty to obey the Inca. Let Cora and Alonzo be brought hither!

[*Exit one of the priests.*]

Xai. No, I will not wound my conscience, tho' to please the Inca. Seduced or seducer, both are guilty, both have merited death. Thus will I speak to the king himself, and sound it in the ears of the people; that if Ataliba has ceased to tremble before the gods, he shall at least stand in awe of his subjects.

H. P. Conscience is his law as well as thine. We will judge Cora and Alonzo without forgetting that God will one day sit in judgment upon us.—Take your places. (*The High Priest is in the centre, Xaira on his right hand.*)

ALONZO and CORA are brought on at opposite sides in chains. CORA no longer bears the image of the sun upon her breast.

Co. My Alonzo!

Al. Oh God!—you also in chains!

Co. Mourn not. I shall die with you!

Al. With your murderer.

Co. Silence.

H. P. (*With mild solemnity.*) We, the servants of the gods, appointed to execute their holy will, are here assembled as judges of Cora, the daughter of Telasco, and Alonzo, the stranger. Shed thy beams upon our hearts, O, our father! Thou
 H who

who viewest the world with a glance! Thou hast appointed us judges over life and death, over honor and shame! Let, then, thy wisdom enlighten our minds, that no partiality may bias them; that they may be alike free from weakness and revenge. (*He kneels.*) We swear, O Sun! to judge according to thy laws communicated by Manco-Capac! We swear to judge with mercy, if the profanation of thy temple will permit mercy to be remembered in judgment! Call thy servants before thee this day, if it be thy will; we here swear, to render a faithful account of this awful hour!

All priests. We swear!

H. P. Cora, have you broken your vow?

Co. Yes.

H. P. Do you know this young man?

Co. He is my husband.

H. P. Alonzo, do you know this young woman?

Al. She is my wife.

Xai. You are both guilty, and must die.

H. P. Before we pronounce the sentence of death, a grateful duty remains for me to perform. In the king's name, I announce mercy to the victim of seduction. Ataliba, the first-born of the sun, under whose dominion the kingdom of Quito flourishes, requires from you a free and ingenuous confession.—Which of you is the seducer? which the seduced?

Al. } (*Together.*) I alone am guilty.
Co. }

Al. On me must your sentence fall.

Co. Release him, he is innocent.

Al. Have pity on the weakness of the woman!
Let the man make atonement.

Co.

Co. O no! no! (*The high priest turns aside to conceal his emotion.*) On me pass sentence ye reverend judges! I alone deserve your vengeance! My advances inspired him with boldness! I alone am guilty! I alone should die!

Al. Listen not to her! Nature herself convicts her of falsehood! Modesty is the sister of beauty. The man declares love; the woman only returns it. No, ye priests, it was I, who, disregarding the laws both of God and men, overleaped the sacred walls of your temple. It was I——

Co. O, no, no, no! believe him not!

Al. O Cora, resist not the truth!—Did you not start back with affright when you saw me? Did I not throw myself at your feet, and forcibly detain you, by seizing the skirt of your garment?—But why do I urge all this?—Ye judges, ye know the nature of man—I appeal to yourselves, whether or not, the man is not the seducer!

Co. Remember! He saved the Inca's life! And he is guiltless!

Al. She knows not what she says!—I alone should suffer.

Co. Do you wish full proof that I alone am guilty? Observe me well. I stand unmoved by any emotions of repentance, while the stranger is bowed down by remorse. I glory in being a wife: I glory in being the wife of Alonzo! And here in the presence of the gods—in the presence of you all—do I embrace my husband. (*She clasps him in her arms.*) Observe his tremor. See, he would disengage himself from my arms——

Al. Cora, Cora! What madness is this!

Xai. Tear her from him.

Co. (*Returning to her place with composure and dignity.*) Now, pronounce sentence.

H. P.

H. P. Lead her away.

Al. Farewell!

Co. We shall soon meet again.

Xai. In the hour of death.

Co. The hour of death, is the beginning of life eternal.

Xai. Lead her away.

Al. Farewell!

Co. We part with tears; to meet with smiles above. [*Exeunt Al. and Co. different sides.*]

Xai. Need we any further proof? My voice is for death. Death to both.

H. P. (*Mournfully.*) Follow me into the temple. Let us sacrifice to the gods: and weigh well in your hearts what you have seen and heard. Then, as mortals, let us proceed to pass our judgment upon mortals. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT FIFTH.

Scene.—The inside of the Temple of the Sun, displaying all the magnificence of the Peruvian worship. In the center an Altar raised on steps, over which is suspended a brilliant Sun of gold. Priests burning incense.

The HIGH PRIEST and XAIRA come forward.

H. P. Yet one word more, Xaira, ere, by pronouncing a hasty sentence, we profane the sacred name we bear. Are we not the ministers of the divine mercy?

Xai. And of the divine vengeance.

H. P. Vengeance! O no! Such is the creed of the vulgar crowd. The thinking mind knows better. It is the sufferer who demands vengeance, and God can never know suffering.

Xai. Why at this moment?—

H. P. Because at this moment an error committed may embitter the remainder of our lives.

Xai. My conviction is my rule of action.

H. P. That cannot be sufficient. Weak and frail was man created—his judgments are liable to error—such are thy conclusions—such are mine. The earth is imperfect, and all that lives and moves thereon. Doubtless it is necessary. But the certainty of this imperfection should make us merciful in the hour of judgment.

Xai.

Xai. No more. It is inconsistent with your duty to endeavor to bias my judgment, and with mine to listen to you longer. (*Turns away.*)

H. P. Well, then, their blood be upon thee!

Xai. (*Coldly.*) Their blood be upon me.

H. P. Hither ye priests. (*They assemble round him.*) O! I already read their sentence in their gloomy countenances. (*Pause.*) You know the criminals and the crime. Decide.

Xai. What says the law? (*The high priest is silent.*) I demand of you, what says the law?

H. P. (*After a struggle with himself.*) Death.

Xai. (*Loudly and solemnly.*) The law pronounces sentence of death upon Cora and Alonzo.

All. Death.

H. P. I cannot join in the cry for blood. My voice is still for mercy. Again search your hearts, my brethren—if you hear the whisperings of mercy, proclaim her dictates aloud.

Xai. We pronounce the sentence of the law. Death upon Cora and Alonzo.

All. Death.

H. P. Thou beholdest, Oh thou unknown God!—No drop of this blood stains my hands. Bring hither the unfortunate victims of your blind zeal. (*Exeunt two priests different ways.*) Lay the sword and the palm branch upon the altar. (*It is done by two priests.*) Do you, Xaira, follow me to the king. [*Exit, accompanied by Xaira.*]

Enter ALONZO, guarded and fettered.

Al. O! father of mercies, I am bowed down before thee! In the temple of an idol I feel thy presence; I sink under the sense of my guilt. I
am

am the murderer of Cora—the murderer of her venerable father!—I destroy the peace of a hospitable people, who received and loved me as their benefactor—O shame! shame!—Open, earth, to receive and cover me! May the grass never grow upon my grave, nor the dew of heaven light on it! (*Seeing Cora as she enters.*) How blest did the sight of that form once make me—but now, it but doubles my despair.

Enter CORA, guarded and fettered.

Co. You cannot think thus, my Alonzo. Have you not often said, if you could not live with Cora, you would die with her? And so thought Cora too—yes, still she thinks so.

Al. Thy guiltless soul can look with composure both towards the past and future. But for me—

Co. Now if I can prove that, you may look with more composure into futurity than Cora.—Your mother is far, far from hence; and, if she never hears from you more, she will believe that your days were ended by shipwreck or disease, without dishonor or uncommon pain.—But I!—I have a father—to be sure he is now far from hence, but soon must he hear, how and for what I die. Alas! this, alone, makes the bitterness of death with Cora! The old man loves me so—and he is so good—if he were here, his heart would surely break.

Al. Heavens! She knows not then——

Co. Within the last hour I fell upon my knees and prayed for my father—I prayed that some mild death would draw him from the world, before his daughter's fate could reach his ears. (*Turns and sees her father.*) Ah!—I am heard!—Behold my father's spirit!

Enter

Enter TELASCO and ZORAI, in chains, guarded.

Al. Oh! what an hour of horror!

Co. But his features are full of indignation—his countenance is terrible—save me, Alonzo, from this dream——

Al. Would to God!——

Co. (*Approaching her father.*) My father!

Tel. Save me, Zorai, save me!

Zor. (*Pushing her away.*) Away, serpent! spare the last moments of the poor old man.

Co. (*Kneels and clasps her hands.*) Brother!

Zor. I thy brother?—Yes, these chains declare, I am thy brother.

Co. Father!

Tel. Who calls me by that name?—I do not know thy voice.

Co. Brother! Father!—Ah! these are more than the agonies of death!

Tel. Alas, Zorai! the heart of the man melts—the heart of the father breaks. It is the voice of her mother—it is the form of her mother.—Cora! Cora!—I have grown grey with honor, and now you cover my grave with shame! Blessed be the gods, that thy mother lived not to this day!—See me here, a poor old man, mourning the honor of my house destroyed. See this youth, full of strength and love for his native land, condemned to die because he is your brother—both, both murdered by the daughter's and sister's hand—and, worse than death, dragged to the grave with shame as their companion! (*Cora sinks on the ground. He exclaims tenderly*) Zorai! support her!

Zor. (*Raising his sister, at the same time repulsing Alonzo.*) Away with thee, thou murderer of
of

of innocence!—O! how little does the hero become when we approach and view him? Gods! how I loved this man at a distance; while I listened to the tales of his praise! How did my young heart leap, while I longed to be an Alonzo! Fool that I was! His deeds were the work of chance, and himself as weak as the rest of mankind! Look around at the spectacle before thee—it is thy work!—Thank these chains, that even in the temple of our God, I take not bloody vengeance on thee!

Tel. Silence, my son, his misery is heavier than ours; for we bear not the load of conscience.

Co. O my father! Let me not die in despair! Canst thou deny me thy blessing in the hour of death? (*She falls at his feet.*) I will cling round your knees; my anguish shall move you. Pity me! pity me! bless me, my father! forgive me, my brother! (*Telasco and Zorai appear much affected.*) See! how I cling, how I entwine myself about you—my agony is unspeakable—mercy! pity!—

Tel. Son! son!—Let us not embitter the hour of death! The wretched easily forgive. Lift her to my arms. Die in peace!—I forgive thee!

Co. My brother!

Zor. (*Embraces her.*) Unhappy sister!

Co. Thank the gods, the bitterness of death is past!

Al. Your hearts are softened—may Alonzo venture? You called me a weak man, Zorai—Weak, I am, but no villain. Misery easily unites fellow-sufferers. Let us not die in enmity.

Tel. Stranger, I harbour no resentment against thee. How can I better leave the world than in speaking pardon to those who have injured me. Have you parents living?

Al. An aged mother.

Tel. For thy aged mother's sake—come hither—that I may bless thee in her stead !

Al. One grievous burthen is lifted from my heart. And you too Zorai ?

Zor. Away ! I admire my father—but I cannot follow his example.

Al. Not to give peace to a dying man ?

Zor. I cannot !—Would you have me dissemble reconciliation ? You are hateful to me !—I will endeavor to subdue this bitter feeling—and if I succeed, I will reach out my hand as our last moment approaches, and you will understand me.

Al. I thank you. It is more than I deserve.

Enter the HIGH PRIEST and XAIRA; then ATALIBA and FOLLOWERS. The KING approaches the Altar slowly and kneels; after some time, he rises and addresses ALONZO in a low voice.

Ata. Save yourself Alonzo. Urge that you are a stranger—that our laws and customs were unknown to you---urge your services to the state, to me, to the people. Say whatever danger may suggest. Your friend is your judge. Make it possible for me to save you without incurring the charge of partiality. (*To Telasco.*) Thou, with thy silver hairs, thou venerable veteran, thou art free. He who has a thousand times offered his life for his country, has made his peace-offering to the gods. I dare not sit in judgment on thee.

Tel. How, Inca !---Can you be so cruel as to strip the stem of its flourishing branches, yet leave it standing ?---For mercy, strike at the root---that no vestige remain of the tree !

Ata.

Ata. (To *Zorai*.) Young man, you also are free. (*Murmurs among the priests are heard, the King looks with displeasure among them, and proceeds in a louder tone.*) It is the will of my father, the sun, that, henceforth, the guilty alone shall suffer. Be the support of your aged father; nurse and comfort him until his death; then come to me as to your elder brother. (*Prevents Zorai from kneeling.*) For you, Cora—I can do nothing.

Co. Oh! you have done all I could wish!

Ata. You stand within the power of the law—and to the law, the king is subject. (*He ascends to the upper step of the altar, bows to the image of the sun, then turns to the assembly.*) High priest, execute your office.

H. P. Pardon me, Inca—spare my age—my infirm health—my throbbing heart—permit that Xaira to day in my place——

Ata. Be it so,

Xai. First-born of the sun! A virgin devoted to the gods has broken her sacred vow.—Cora, come forward! A stranger in the land is the associate in her crime.—Alonzo, come forward! We, the priests of the incensed gods; we, the servants of this profaned temple, true to the ordinances of thy ancestors, have judgment and sentence pronounced upon both, and our sentence is DEATH!

Ata. Have you any thing to say in your defence?—I ask you, Cora, and Alonzo, have you any thing to say in your defence?

Co. } Nothing.
Al. }

Ata. How, Alonzo? Know you nothing to urge in extenuation of your conduct?

Al.

Al. Nothing.

Ata. Consider well. I give you time for thought. Consider, stranger!—

Al. I have deserved death, and suffer willingly.

Ata. Think on what you do!—Yet a few moments are yours.—O, ye who are assembled around me, I consider indulgence as my duty in this case, because he is a stranger: to him was denied the blessed privilege of having our holy laws implanted in his heart by our priests in early childhood. Through unavoidable ignorance, he saw not with our eyes.—Once more, Alonzo—speak!—The gods are just—reasonable—merciful—

Al. I have deserved death.

Ata. Is that your last word?

Al. My last.

Ata. (*Leans on the altar concealing his face, then recovers himself.*) Priests, perform your duty!

Xai. (*Having received the sword and palm branch from the altar, presents the first to the king.*) First-born of the sun, receive from my hands the symbol of justice. (*Presents the palm branch.*) First-born of the sun, receive from my hands the symbol of mercy. The gods direct your sentence.

Ata. O God! Thou seest how my heart bleeds in this hour! Grant that I may never again fulfil so melancholy a part of the kingly duty. Shades of my forefathers, hover over me! Guide me by your wisdom!—As I do what my duty requires, so may my soul find rest in that thought. (*He rises. Cora, Alonzo, Telasco, and Zorai, kneel with their heads bowed down. The king, raises the sword and is about to speak.*)

Enter

Enter the CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Pardon me, Inca, I bring ill tidings. The flame of insurrection spreads. The people are wild with commotion. The cry of arms has collected the warriors from every side.—The name of Rolla is shouted by ten thousand voices. The troop commanded by Velasquez the stranger, was drawn up in the meadow; I saw by his gestures that he entreated and threatened—but in vain—one after the other, all deserted to Rolla.

Ata. What does this mean? 'Rolla, at the head of the army? That cannot be rebellion. There is some mistake. Did you see Rolla?

Cham. Only at a distance. He is surrounded by warriors, who, brandishing their javelins, croud furiously towards the temple.

Ata. (*Without changing countenance.*) All will soon be explained. (*Looking round.*) I see terror in every visage. Why are you thus dismayed? He who promotes his people's happiness, cannot fear his people. The source of my repose is within. Let them come. (*A noise is heard without.*)

Enter ROLLA, in his war-dress. In his right hand, a drawn sword; in his left, a javelin; a bow and quiver at his back. He is followed by warriors.

Rol. Be guided by me, my friends!

Xai. A profanation of the temple!

Rol. You have profaned it by a sanguinary sentence.

Xai. (*To the priests.*) Avenge your gods!

Ata. (*To Xaira.*) Silence! (*To Rolla.*) Who art thou?

Rol.

Rol. Do you not know me?

Ata. I had once a chief who looked like you. His name was Rolla, and he was a gallant man.—But who art thou?

Rol. No mockery, Inca! for the love of God, no mockery!—Yet you may be right; I am no longer Rolla!—I no longer know myself!—A storm drives me on!—a torrent hurries me along!—Have compassion on me!—I honor you, Inca; I love and honor you!

Ata. You honor me? Formerly I had such dreams. Rolla, such was my constant thought, my gallant chieftain, Rolla—as long as I have him for a support, my enemies may threaten in vain. The heroism of Rolla is a tree, under whose shade Ataliba may slumber.

Rol. Yet the tree, under which the king slumbers, may be up-rooted by the whirlwind, and, falling, crush him who rested in its shade.

Ata. What whirlwind has seized upon you? Speak: and thank your king that he permits you to excuse yourself.

Rol. I have only one word to urge in my defence. Let it suffice, O Inca! if thou partakest of the frailties of human nature!—I love!—My passion has become like a tree, the root of which is so deeply entwined with my life, that the one cannot be plucked up without destroying the other. In climbing the lofty heights of honor, still love has been my conductor. It was my companion in the day of danger; and, in the field of battle, the only word I heard was Cora.—O Inca! shew that you have the feelings of a man! Extend your mercy to Cora—on my knees I entreat for her life. Since Cora has called me brother, I have become

become proud ; yet, on my knees, I beg the life of my sister.

Ata. Arise!

Rol. Mercy!

Ata. Arise! Lay your arms at my feet, dismiss your followers, and then await, with silence and submission, the sentence of your king.

Rol. Mercy!—Aid me, thou venerable man! (*To the High Priest.*) Aid me my sister! Teach Rolla to pray for mercy!

Ata. A petitioner in arms!—Wouldst thou mock thy sovereign?

Rol. Truly no!—But you require impossibilities of me. Cora in chains, and Rolla without arms—no, by heaven, that cannot be.

Ata. I command you: Lay down your arms.

Rol. Pronounce her pardon—absolve her from her hateful vows—and my arms and my life shall be cast at your feet.

Ata. Without conditions! lay down your arms!

Rol. I cannot! Come to my heart, Cora!—Be my breast your shield, while my sword hews asunder your chains.

Ata. Rebel, do what you will, and the gods permit! But know, that Ataliba will not pronounce sentence, until he sees you disarmed and kneeling at his feet. It shall never be said, that mercy was extorted from the king. Ye people of Quito, for seven years that I have reigned over you, can any one accuse me of injustice? Has not the promotion of your happiness been my only study?—Ye people of Quito, I have not deserved this moment! Seize that man! chain him! or I lay down the sceptre of the Incas.

Rol.

Rol. (Turning to his followers.) You seize me! You put me in chains! Which among you will do this? Is it you, my old companion in battle, with whom I have shared my last morsel, when all the army famished? Or you, whose life I saved in the fields of Tumibamba? Or you, whose son I rescued when the spear of his enemy was lifted to pierce him? Which among you will seize me?

H. P. O Rolla! how am I bowed down by this scene! Will you see me, miserable old man, kneeling at your feet?

Rol. I love you as a father. But spread not your arms to the storm—it is in vain. The lots are cast. I save or die with Cora.

Co. (Goes up to Rolla, and embraces him.) Let these tears thank you for your love to me, my brother! You are a truly great man. I have only known you this day. But one so great and good must be the friend of his king. Cora has committed a crime; and would you commit another to save her from punishment? No, Rolla must not do that. Let me die! My father and my brother have forgiven me; Alonzo dies with me; and I am content. Our spirits shall hover round you, and rejoice to behold you true to your king, your country, and your gods. O yes! I see your brow becoming serene and your eyes moist. Repress not your tears—they disgrace not the eyes of a warrior.—Give me your sword—your javelin.—*(She takes them, and lays them at the feet of Ataliba.)* Behold now a hero indeed! I thank you, Rolla—I am proud of your love—and now let me lead you to our good king's feet. Come, that the triumph of virtue may be complete

plete. (*She leads him to the king; kneels, and he kneels near her.*) O sovereign of Quito! I bring your hero back! Pardon him! He deserves your pardon! (*She resumes her station.*) Now, Inca, proceed to judgment.

Tel. My daughter! Now can I again, without shame, call thee daughter.

Ata. Does Rolla submit to his king?

Rol. I submit.

Ata. You have forfeited your life.

Rol. I know it.

Ata. I forgive you.

Rol. And Cora!

Ata. I forgive you.

Rol. O God!

Ata. Rise!

Rol. Let me kneeling hear the sentence of Cora—it is mine.

Ata. Well, then—(*He takes up the sword and palm branch.*)

H. P. (*Throwing himself at the king's feet.*) O, Inca, pardon!

Ata. You too, my father?—Have the gods declared their will to you?

H. P. Mercy is the will of the gods. Those times in which your ancestors established the worship of the sun, those rude times are no more. Compulsive institutions are no longer necessary to preserve decency in the worship of our god. Let truth and nature prevail. Therefore, Inca, I stand here in the name of the gods, and call upon you, the benefactor of your people, to crown all your noble deeds by a sacrifice which is due to reason, and, through her, to the gods themselves! Shrink not. Be quick to do good. Let the prayers of

an old man move you—one who has guided your youthful steps—who loves you as his son! Reward me to-day for my cares! (*Takes off his fillet, and shews his grey hair.*) For the sake of my grey hairs, thus whitened in your service!

Ata. Enough. Come forward, Cora! and you, Alonzo!

H. P. O, ye gods! direct his noble heart.

Tel. O, my son!

Ata. (*Throws away the sword, and presents the palm branch to Cora.*) Be the law abolished, and Cora free!

(*Cora sinks upon Alonzo; Rolla rushes into the arms of the king; Telasco is supported by Zorai; the High Priest lifts his hands to heaven; and all the people shout*)

LONG LIVE THE INCA!

(*The curtain falls.*)

THE END.

NOTES

NOTES

ON

THE VIRGIN OF THE SUN.

THIS play was exhibited, for the first time, on the theatre at Revel, the 8th of December, 1789. The characters were thus represented:—

ATALIBA (king of Quito) . . .	<i>Counsellor Albaum.</i>
HIGH PRIEST OF THE SUN . .	<i>Secretary Geber.</i>
XAIRA	<i>Mr. Nottbeck.</i>
TELASCO (an old man of the family of the Incas) }	<i>Syndicus Huek.</i>
ZORAI (his son)	<i>Baron Von Schwengelen.</i>
CORA (his daughter, a virgin of the sun) }	<i>Lady Von Glehn.</i>
ROLLA	<i>Secretary Riesenkampff.</i>
HIGH PRIESTESS OF THE SUN .	<i>Madame Huek.</i>
IDALI	<i>Lady Von Kotzebue.</i>
AMAZILI	<i>Madame Gom.</i>
DON ALONZO MOLINA	<i>Secretary Arvelius.</i>
DON JUAN VELASQUEZ } (his friend)	<i>Baron Von Knorring.</i>
DIEGO (his armour-bearer) . .	<i>Baron Von Kotzebue.</i>
CHAMBERLAIN	<i>Mr. Gom.</i>

Page 8. *Or a tear on my corse !]* The following words are omitted:—

“ *H. P.* Oh enthusiast!

Rol. Call me what you please!—Yet, if I be an enthusiast, think not that I am suddenly become so. This heart was born to be the seat of mighty passions.—To the common swarm of emmets which bustle about the world, I had an aversion, even as a boy. When my playmates were merry and sportive around me, I played it is true, but I always found it irksome, though I never could precisely ascertain to what cause that feeling might be ascribed. But when storms lowered around the horizon, when our mountains vomitted forth flames at midnight, or
subterraneous

subterraneous groanings announced an approaching earthquake, then my heart felt elevated; my languishing spirit revived; the withered plant again reared its head. As I advanced in life, no female attractions had power to charm my eyes;—they remained stedfastly and eagerly fixed on the more brilliant rays of honor. Blinded to every beauty of Nature, my heart, my throbbing heart, burned solely to run the career of fame and glory; while each victory that I obtained, far from proving an assuaging drop to mitigate the flame, served only to increase its ardor.—Then it was that I saw Cora again!

H. P. And the flame which at first burst out with a force that promised its eternal duration, was instantly extinguished!—Extinguished as a lamp by the breath of a child.

Rol. No, not so!—The flame continued to burn, it only found a different species of nourishment. What was before a wild and all-consuming blaze, was changed into a gentle, genial warmth. Honor gave way to love.

H. P. A gentle, genial warmth!—these words sound well, indeed.—But whom does thy flame illumine?—whom does it warm?

Rol. (*With indifference.*) I feel what you would say.

H. P. You feel it, yet are not ashamed."

Page 13. *Has lived long enough.*] The following words are omitted:—

"*Juan.* If, therefore, thou hast any regard for me, no more of this!—My arm, my sword are devoted to thy service—I have followed thee blindly into the labyrinth in which we are now involved; but I must still be permitted to think, that we do not give any proof of our wisdom in groping our way here, when we might be more advantageously employed.

Al. More advantageously?—let me hear in what way?

Juan. He who is doing ill, may always be more advantageously employed; and by the blood of all the knights that does or does not flow in my veins, I think we are now cursedly in the wrong. I say nothing of the sword suspended by a thread over our heads—affection takes precedence of life—you love Cora—I have the strongest attachment for you, and Diego is attached to both.

Dieg.

Dieg. Certainly, certainly, sir!—but—notwithstanding—pray don't take it amiss, if I think that life has precedence of affection.

Juan. Granted, therefore, that the prosecution of this enterprize should prove the means of shortening the duration of our lives; yet we, perhaps, only give up some years of unhappiness ourselves, to purchase the happiness of a friend. And since they have lived long who have lived happily, and he only can be esteemed to have lived happily who has died so; what better can we wish, or how can we end our lives more satisfactorily, than in offering them up a sacrifice to friendship."

Same page. *But Alonzo, Alonzo, &c.*] This speech is shortened.

Page 14. *Despair shall end her miserable existence.*] Here the confession of Alonzo, which, in the original, takes place in the second act, is anticipated.

End of the first act and beginning of the second.] The last scene of the first act, as originally written, is here combined with the first scene of the second, and both necessarily curtailed.

Page 50. *Do not talk—act.*] Here the following lines are omitted:—

"*H. P.* What can I do?

Rol. (*Raising his hands towards heaven.*) Oh! Father above, do thou then interpose and save her! Suffer not the most perfect work upon which thy rays ever shone to be destroyed, but, to the confusion of these unfeeling priests, save her!—Oh, how could I expect to find a heart of sensibility within such a shell!—the heart that beats beneath those garments never can have any feeling, except for vain and senseless customs; it dissembles towards its god, and is blood-thirsty as a tyger's.

H. P. Oh Rolla, you know not how much you wrong me!

Rol. Carefully instructed by your fathers and mothers to pluck every flower which might lie in your way—to wring the neck of every bird which might fall into your hands—from your infancy, each avenue in your hearts has been closed against humanity; while he, who could, with the greatest composure, perform such ignoble actions, was considered as bearing in his bosom the germs of the future high priest.

H. P.

H. P. This from you, Rolla?

Rol. Beloved and pampered self is the sole object of your attention—beauty is to you as a blunted arrow—and love appears an absurd romance. A shake of the head is the utmost tribute you can pay to the sufferings of a brother; nor does the tear of sympathy ever *start* into your eyes, it only quivers there by compulsion. No emotion of concern would intrude into your breast, were the world itself to be laid in ruins, provided *you* were spared and could continue to live in ease and affluence.”

Page 51. *Responsively to mine.*] Here the following lines are omitted:—

“*H. P.* Since she immediately began to avoid me, I saw that the effort was painful, that love and duty were at war in her bosom, and, desirous to render the conflict less severe, I determined equally to avoid her. Many months lingered on in this miserable situation, while both endured the keenest torments of hopeless passion: our cheeks grew pale; our eyes became hollow and sunk; despair reigned in every feature; till at length Zulma’s weaker frame could no longer support such complicated sorrow—she was attacked with a violent illness, and lay at the point of death; while I—Rolla, you seem affected!

Rol. (*Holding out his hand to him with averted eyes.*) Oh, how unjust have I been!—I am ashamed!—pardon me!—and—proceed, uncle—tell me she died!

H. P. I hastened to her assistance—day and night I climbed the most rugged rocks, or ranged the forests, to seek medicinal herbs for her restoration. I summoned together the oldest priests in the kingdom who were celebrated for their skill in the medical science; and at length, by our unwearied exertions, the lovely Zulma was saved. She sunk in my arms overpowered with gratitude—not a word was spoken by either, we explained ourselves only by the expressive language of tears—(*He appears extremely affected.*) Oh, Rolla! I am now grown old, yet see how the recollection of this scene still shakes me.

Rol. (*Clasping his hand.*) Beloved, excellent uncle!

H. P. Stop till you hear the conclusion of my story!—The long-smothered flame of love now burst out with uncontrollable wildness.”

H. P.

Page 56. *But see he comes.*] Here the following lines are omitted—

A priest. The messenger was in great haste.

Xai. Probably the king wished to talk with him about the sentence—perhaps to consult with him on the possibility of mitigating the punishment. Ah, my friends, I fear that this Inca is not eager in promoting the vengeance due to our offended gods. Didn't you remark with what reluctance he consented to Zorai's being put in irons?—with what compassion he looked upon the stranger?—nay, that he even degraded his dignity, so far as to speak to him?—His father was a very different sort of man!

A priest. He was indeed.

Another. He never omitted attendance at any sacrifice.

Third. And trembled whenever he entered the temple.

Xai. Nor ever failed in showing due respect to our sacred office.

A priest. Of reverencing our near intercourse with the gods.

Xai. He cast down his eyes with awe, where his son looks up and smiles with thoughtless levity—exacted the strictest justice, where his son would show mercy. But who are we to condemn?—who, but his tutor?—the man to whom his education was entrusted?—in short, the high priest. I will not say more now, this is neither the place nor the time for long harangues; however, I know his principles. Take heed!—be on your guard!—”

Page 61. *In the hour of judgment.*] Here the following lines are omitted:—

H. P. Yes, if by his weakness he produce disorder in the state.

Xai. And is not that the case in the affair before us?

H. P. No!

Xai. No!

H. P. Your own designs have been solely to avenge the gods.

Xai. And would you then sanction the licentious conduct that must inevitably ensue, should indulgence be shewn in the present instance?

H. P. At the source of a clear stream, we do not think of the mud by which it may be contaminated in its course.

course. I entreat you, let us be true to our vocation, let us resemble the god whom we serve, whose rays diffuse light and heat over all! Let us acquit Cora!—It will then lie in the king's bosom to act as he shall judge right, either by confirming or reversing our sentence; and should it be reversed, we shall, at least, have done our duty, in shewing a disposition to clemency, while the hapless victim will breathe her last sighs in gratitude for our extended mercy.

Xii. What would you require of me?—You speak as if the decision of this point rested upon me alone. Are not you high priest?—Do not the duties of your office demand that you lay the case before the whole assembly of the priests, in which I have but a single voice?

H. P. You know well, that in representing this affair to the assembly, I am forbidden by our laws to employ any persuasions of eloquence—what I am to say, must be expressed in the fewest and simplest words; and I am, therefore, precluded from the power of influencing the auditors. You, it is true, have only one voice; but you are the oldest of the order, next to me, and successor to the high priesthood at my death. To you, therefore, all the young priests look up, and will incline which way soever they shall see you inclined.

Xiii. This case may be rightly stated as to what concerns yourself, but it is otherwise with the Inca, who has always power to grant a pardon.

H. P. But when has this power been exercised?—Has not every Inca, from father to son, for centuries past, uniformly confirmed the sentence of the priests?—Will Ataliba think you, venture to deviate from the practice of his ancestors?"

4 AP 54

FINIS.

